

School and Community

By Henrietta Rodman.

A VOTE is an expression of opinion on public affairs. The most pervasive objection to women's voting is to the effect that we have no opinion which is worth expressing on anything except house-keeping.

"Women have been too busy in their homes to find time to study community matters," say the anti's, "and if they haven't they ought to have been."

But even the most ardent anti might hesitate to affirm that women have been and are too busy to read.

It's true that it has been easier for women who were seeking information on civic affairs to find in the newspapers gossip about criminals and fights, than such careful reports of social problems as would lead to intelligent voting. But then men have suffered from this as well as we.

"You're Another."

If a man accuses you of being an unintelligent citizen, it's fairly safe, I think, to reply, in the classic phrase of childhood, "You're another." The chances are overwhelming that he does not know much about public affairs, or education, or even about street cleaning or taxation.

We might say to most of the men we know: "You've been too busy with your business to bother with public affairs," and they wouldn't contradict you. In fact, there haven't been any intelligent citizens to speak of—just an impressive individual here and there, but as for any considerable body of enlightened public opinion, it simply doesn't exist. So there's no point to the anti's attack.

Women's Clubs Show Citizenship.

It's my opinion that the most earnest effort that's being made anywhere to develop civic intelligence, to learn to recognize the needs of the community, is being made by the women's clubs. They have committees on every aspect of civic welfare and as compared with

the men's clubs I know you'd guess that the women were the responsible members of society and the men the butterflies.

There'll be a new committee in the women's clubs next fall, on community centres.

School Buildings Must Be Social.

"The community centre is a way of approaching social problems," said Mr. John Collier, director of the newly established training school for community centre workers, at 70 Fifth Avenue. "The use of school buildings after school hours as community clubs offers opportunity to the men and women and young people of each community to get together and discuss local needs and how to meet them."

"Suppose there is trouble with lighting of a certain section of the city. The people of that community can invite the commissioner who is responsible to send a representative to discuss the matter with them in their community centre. Thus friction may be avoided and efficiency increased."

Business Bodies Co-operative.

"Well-to-do business men know from personal experience the value of getting together to talk over common problems. Their clubs have always been their meeting places for this purpose. But the majority of people have had only the saloons, and there women and young people could not go, to mention only the least objections, which are in themselves overwhelming. For community problems affect as a rule all the people of a community and should be discussed by all, and so far as is practicable dealt with by all."

"Take the matter of clean streets and well-kept parks for example. Men and women and young folks need to get together with city officials and discuss the division of responsibility. And they do in the community centres."

These community centres are, to my mind, one of the most splendid factors in the development of democracy.

Hairpin Counter Cinderellas Quit Society to Help Toilers

Rich Dayton Girls Forego Summer Pleasures, Hide Identity and Work in Department Store to Learn Independence and Problems Confronting Sisters of Shops.

If you were a pretty society girl, with a "serious purpose" in life, and had decided to skip one summer of tennis and motor to toil behind a bargain counter with your less fortunate sisters of the department store, wouldn't you be embarrassed to have a friend at home tell you and spoil all your plans?

This is the annoying situation in which Miss Mary Perrine Patterson and Miss Katherine Houk, of Dayton, Ohio, who have been clerking in a Sixth Avenue department store, have been placed, and they are "perfectly furious" at a certain member of their set whom they suspect of giving out the information which led to their discovery.

"That's just like her!" indignantly exclaimed Miss Houk, from behind her hairpin counter yesterday afternoon. "She's jealous of us, and angry because she thought our going away reflected on her, and made her look selfish, which she is. Now that our real position is known the girls here will never trust us again, and we won't ever be able to carry out our life work as we planned in our very serious for us."

Miss Patterson is the niece of John H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio, and Miss Houk is the daughter of R. Thurston Houk, one of the managers of the company. Theirs is the story of the American society girl who for a serious life work and economic independence. Both have been the richest girls in the society of their city, but since the Dayton girls, they have become interested in social welfare and charity reform.

A month ago they amazed their friends by announcing that they were going to work in a department store.

"We realized that we never could do any intelligent social work unless we had had some real experience at first hand," explained Miss Houk, who was wearing a severe black gown and apron, although she sported an expensive platinum wrist watch, "and we knew we could not really understand the life of the working girl unless we lived it with her."

This is not an original idea with us, for all over the country there are girls like us who are tired of being babies all their lives. We could not try our plan in Dayton, because there we should have been handicapped by our friends, and we should never have been able to get the confidence of the girls with whom we worked.

"Besides, in New York the field is much larger. We can place ourselves in the social atmosphere, and actually live the life of the other half. I tell you, it has been a great pleasure to have been able to earn the confidence and friendship of these hard-working girls on merit alone."

"The only flaw in our plan has been that some other girl needs more than we do. We had expected to substitute for girls who could not otherwise afford to take vacations, turning over the pay envelopes to them at the end of two weeks. The manager of the store would not allow this, however, as he said all the employees had a two weeks' vacation anyway, and to give more time to a favored few would cause unhappiness."

The two self-constituted Cinderellas have hidden themselves at night in a \$5 a week Greenwich Village boarding house. They have joined energetically in the social life of the establishment, playing their part so well that only the girl in the cheap lingerie dresses of the other boarders was immediately taken into their confidence and sworn to secrecy.

She is absolved from all blame for the spoiling of their careers. Not so the young man they met at one of the charity societies during a morning they spent studying welfare methods, nor the cousin who lives at the Yale Club and has been their only "gentleman friend" during their sojourn in Green-

wich Village. If investigation shows that they have been unjustly, then it will be the turn of some mere man to fall from the good graces of Dayton's heiresses. Their plan is to leave their bargain counter job, and then spend two weeks more in studying working conditions in other department stores and settlement houses. After a rest at home they expect to return to New York in September, bringing with them Miss Dorothy Patterson, daughter of the head of the National Cash Register Company, who has been hired by her cousin's example.

DINNERS AT BAR HARBOR Mrs. Astor and Mr. and Mrs. John Aspegren Entertain.

(By Telegram to The Tribune.)

Bar Harbor, Me., July 28.—A large gallery was present this morning at the semi-finals of the ladies' singles on the Swimming Club tennis courts. Miss Dorothy Dighton defeated Miss Margaret Erhart, 2-6, 6-8, 6-2; Miss Katherine Force defeated Miss Laura Amory, 6-1, 7-5, and Miss Eleanor Cary won from Mrs. Henry Schick, 6-1, 6-2.

The spectators included Mme. Eken-gren, wife of the Swedish Minister; Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Count W. H. De Pauw, Mrs. A. A. Robbins, Howard Sturges, Mrs. A. Bleecker Banks, Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, Henri Harriell, Mr. and Mrs. William Lawrence Green and Arthur D. Addison, Jr., Dulles, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Topping, Mrs. Dave Coddington, Miss Mae Conover, Miss Margaret Erhart, Miss Josephine Gibson, Miss Margaret Wright, Miss Helen Moffat, Miss Louise Biddle, Constantin Brun, Henry Case, Count Bonde, Victor Cushman, M. Hunscher, secretary of the Swiss Legation; S. Frederick Mills, Frederick Mathews and Harry Leggett.

Others entertaining at dinner to-night were Mr. and Mrs. R. Hall McCormick, who had a party of eighteen. Dr. C. P. Kindelberger, of the United States Naval Academy, and Mrs. Kindelberger arrived to-day at the Lyman Regatta at the Swimming Club to-day were Miss Elizabeth Lauder, Mrs. A. G. McClintock, Miss McClintock, Mrs. Paul Bartlett, Miss C. Ogden Jones and Miss Elliott.

Woman Suffrage Party.

Suffrage telephone day, a statewide celebration, suffrage day in the city will call up at least five hundred voters, asking them to vote for the woman suffrage amendment.

5 P. M.—1st Assembly District, Manhattan street meeting, Sullivan st. and East Houston st. Speakers: Mrs. J. B. Sullivan, Mrs. J. B. Sullivan, Mrs. J. B. Sullivan.

7:30 P. M.—Cavalier house from the home of Mrs. J. B. Sullivan, 40 West 54th st.

8 P. M.—Meeting Bronx German-American committee, 40 West 54th st. Chairman, Mrs. J. B. Sullivan.

8 P. M.—2nd Assembly District, Manhattan; street meeting, corner 8th st. and Sixth av. Chairman, Mrs. J. B. Sullivan.

8:30 P. M.—2nd Assembly District, Manhattan; street meeting, corner 25th st. and Eighth av. Chairman, Mrs. J. B. Sullivan.

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Women's Political Union.

All Day.—22d Senatorial District, 375 East 101st st. Speakers, Miss Lela Nolan, Miss Helen Jones.

10:30 P. M.—Meeting at Chautauque Auditorium, 22d Senatorial District, 375 East 101st st. Speakers, Miss Lela Nolan, Miss Helen Jones.

10:30 P. M.—16th Senatorial District, Second av. and 125th st. Speakers, Miss Lela Nolan, Miss Helen Jones.

10:30 P. M.—15th Senatorial District, 25th Assembly District, Broadway and 43rd st. Speakers, Miss Lela Nolan, Miss Helen Jones.

10:30 P. M.—14th Senatorial District, 25th Assembly District, Broadway and 43rd st. Speakers, Miss Lela Nolan, Miss Helen Jones.

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10:30 P. M.—2nd Senatorial District, 25th Assembly District, Broadway and 43rd st. Speakers, Miss Lela Nolan, Miss Helen Jones.

10:30 P. M.—1st Senatorial District, 25th Assembly District, Broadway and 43rd st. Speakers, Miss Lela Nolan, Miss Helen Jones.

The Modern Finishing School Finishes for the Ballroom and the Back Woods, for Teas and for Trails.

Girls, It Seems, Are Better Campers Than Boys—And Camping Out in December Prepares for Social Seasons.

"GIRLS aren't what they used to be," says grandmother's generation, wagging its head woefully.

"No, thank heaven," comes the irreverent but fervent answer.

"When I went to a young ladies' seminary," begins grandmother in her sweetly aggrieved fashion.

Recalling the Seminary.

It's a far cry back to grandmother's seminary, where the girls sat in dutiful circles and sewed their little seams on their little pantalettes or painted aprons. For girls' boarding schools, like the girls themselves, aren't what they used to be. Instead of the delicate arts we are having sturdy interests—vocational studies, outdoor work, activities that will make girls more fit to live in a practical world. And sturdier of the study is a particular feature at Mrs. Knox's school for girls, a feature which by some girls might be considered a hardship, but for these is a great privilege. It is nothing more or less than three days' camping every month in the school year. And while camping may mean automobiles, camp cooks and gasoline stoves to some people, to the girls at the Knox school it means long miles of tramping, carrying their own paraphernalia, erecting tents, chopping wood, cooking meals. All of which programme reflects very little of the "finishing school spirit" that we usually charge boarding schools with, and less of the alleged delicacy of women.

The girls at the Knox school do all the things that ordinary girls do, these camping parties plus. And the transition from the schoolroom and the ballroom to the deep, dark woods is to them a very easy step.

Girls Are Perfect Campers.

"Girls are better campers than boys," avers Mr. David Abercrombie, who mornings runs his campers' outfitting business, and afterwards and evenings pursues his avocation of camping. But camping is now a vocation, for he is a member of the Knox school faculty and taking the girls on their monthly camping trips.

Mr. Abercrombie talks about his camping girls with great enthusiasm.

"They're good sports, my girls," he said proudly, "and I'd much rather take them out than boys. Boys, you know, are so wise you can't tell them anything. And they're not obedient; get into trouble all the time. But the girls will listen to you and do what you say. And they're better in a camp than boys, because they are willing to do camp work. The boys always want to go off somewhere and find something and they don't bother with such minor details as keeping house."

"Didn't you have a dreadful time at first with the girls?" asked the interviewer, having visions of dainty little maidens hobbling along on their heels, utterly miserable.

"Not a bit," derided Mr. Abercrombie. "The first trip we walked fourteen miles. No, the girls weren't any more tender than boys would have been. Girls are just as husky as boys, you know. The sooner people get over that idea of the weakness of women the better."

For a Morning at the Beach

A long frock is this one of oyster white linen, with white organdie collar and double cuffs. The narrow pleatings about the waist are held in place by bands of Roman colored embroidery.



Mr. David Abercrombie, teacher, who is substituting tent-raising and camp cooking for embroidery and minuets in training modern debutantes.

better. Of course, once in a while I fire a girl because she's no good."

"No good?"

"Yes. She either can't walk or she won't work or she complains about the hardships of the trips. Now, chopping firewood under adverse conditions when you're tired is not exactly play, but the girls have to do it and I don't stand for any kicking. I want the girls to feel that it's all part of the game, and they've got to accept the hardships just as cheerfully as they do the fun. Well, they do. It's very rare that the wrong sort of girl joins us. We don't want and don't bother with the girl that isn't a good sport. We had thirty-two girls last year and the chaperon."

"What sort of strenuous things do the girls do?"

"They carry absolutely all their equipment right on their backs in a pack for one thing. Each girl carries from twenty to twenty-five pounds. In her pack there is grub for three days, and we don't economize on food; always have plenty. Then she is allowed one-half pound of underclothing, stockings and toilet articles, and another one-half pound of brush and comb or cold cream." He grinned. "Not much of that cold cream stuff, though. Then

she carries half a tent, a rubber blanket, a sleeping bag, and four tent stakes. A tent pole she uses as a walking staff. She wears a skirt on the railroad, but sheds it the minute we drop off the train. We have a little cart for other camp necessities, such as an oven, saw, axes, etc.

"The girls travel in pairs, you see, and work in pairs. Two of them share the same tent. They put it up together and take it down together and carry the adjoining parts. Their beds are either grass or straw, or hay, if we can buy it, covered with their rubber blanket. Now last December—"

"December? Do you actually plough through snow to camp?"

"Plough through anything. Camp three days every month from October to June. Anybody can camp and enjoy it in heavenly weather. But my girls like any kind of weather. Cold? Never! That's one of the things we never consider. We keep the campfire going all night and the tents are in a circle around it. Warm bed covering does the rest. Too busy during the day to get cold. There's a good deal to crowd in those three days. Cooking, swimming, exploring, archery, wrestling—something doing every minute. The

large public markets. For a quick luncheon, when one has not time to prepare bouillon or any of the usual things, then a menu like the following will be quite acceptable:

Appetizing Luncheons for Warm Days

By JEANNETTE YOUNG NORTON.

WHEN the summer days come that are too hot to make even thinking comfortable and all extra exertion a sort of punishment it is a relief to have a list of cold dishes to turn to already planned for emergency use. So if unbidden guests arrive no consternation on the food question arises to mar the pleasure of their visit.

The wise housekeeper will always have on hand some bottled and canned dainties, which will include some salad material, sandwich fillings and things that may be creamed, as well as having plenty of butter, eggs, milk, cream, fruit and a possible cold joint or ham in the icebox; and if one is fortunate enough to have a garden, fresh green stuff, garnishes and fruit are always instant possibilities.

If one lives in the city, then the corner store must supply the green things unless one is fortunate enough to be able to take advantage of one of the

cupful, and slice very thin one cucumber. Mix the salad and add a light French dressing made with peanut oil and tarragon vinegar. Serve cold, and as quickly as the dressing is added. If one objects to the spring onions and still likes a little of the flavor, the juice of one onion may be added to the dressing, and a little more cucumber added to the salad in their place.

Strawberries and cream, banana and orange cut up together, pineapple with a little preserved ginger chopped through it, hot baked apple and cream are all good. The apples are a novelty because they may be baking on the side table during the meal in the new clam roaster, if the housewife is fortunate enough to possess one. The apples roast upon upright spikes under the glass dome over the alcohol blaze, and from 18 to 20 minutes steams and bakes them deliciously. When the dome is raised and they are removed to the plates they are filled with a little fresh honey and velled in whipped cream.

For the tea punch pour one quart of boiling water over three table-spoonfuls of Ceylon tea and let it steep five minutes; then strain, and while it is cooling add four table-spoonfuls of sugar, three slices of lemon, two cloves and four maraschino cherries. When ready to serve pour in tall glasses half full of shaved ice and place a spray of mint on top of each glass.

Make the coffee for icing rather stronger than usual, and to a quart of the coffee carefully strained add a pint of good rich milk and sweeten to taste. When cold add one pint of chilled cream. If the mixture is thoroughly chilled then it is very much nicer to serve without ice, which in melting thins it and is not good. For a cold rich drink of this sort the glass flagon having the central chamber to fill with shaved ice is excellent and is among the summer semi-luxuries.

DO YOU KNOW

That the tots will contentedly play at housekeeping or "camping out" if you give them a portable bungalow of the sort which may be set up in an hour's time? It is a heavy, rainproof canvas affair, has a board floor, door and landscape window frames, and contains as much rough furniture as any juvenile family needs to "make believe" with. At many country estates the larger sizes in which these canvas bungalows come are used as garden tea houses for grown-ups, as studios or as a haven of retreat for the scribbling guest.

That the most comfortable underwear for mid-summer is the sort made from silk tricot? The mesh is as fine as that used for gloves and, as are fingerings of gloves, so are the shirts and the knickerbockers firmly reinforced at the necessary places. In black, white and flesh hue, these clinging but cool garments come finished with beading or plain banding. Or, if the taste in lingerie is fanciful, the articles may be hand-embroidered in a small flowered design. Any woman who is planning a motor trip, will find these silk

tricot articles the easiest kind of underwear to stow into the limited space of the car bag.

That for mid-summer there are few equestrian costumes more comfortable than the Norfolk coats and divided or side saddle skirts in khaki or linen crash? The equestrian's Norfolk is on about the same line as the yoke sports coat, but not quite so low-bellied, and lacks the hip pockets. Rather smarter than these khaki suits are those consisting of long, semi-fitted coats and English breeches in natural colored linen or holland. With these lightweight costumes naturally go sailor or tricorn hats in Milan and Tuscan straw. The felt derby is reserved for wear with the conventional riding costume in cloth which during the warm season chiefly makes its appearance at race meets and other formal affairs where the horse is of first importance. Very small girls do not wear hats when riding in the country neighborhoods. The big bow in wide ribbon, holding back the locks, is deemed sufficient covering for the head.

girls go in swimming pretty early and keep at it pretty late. Every night around the campfire we do stunts, too. Sing and play and wrestle."

"Who taught these fashionable girls to cook bacon and make griddle cakes?"

"I did. And they cook good grub, too. Here's a menu." He handed me the following:

Breakfast—Coldish creamed, potatoes, coffee, griddle cakes, oatmeal, milk, butter, sugar.

Dinner—Beef stew, bread, butter, tea, and cocoa, prunes and raisins, milk, sugar.

Lunch—Bread, butter, fruit, ham.

"They love to cook, but they hate the dish washing. Almost as much as they do the woolen underwear I make them wear. Yes, they raise an awful row about that, but woolen underwear it has to be. They're never sick, though. I carefully take medicine in my pack every time and I've never had to use it. Oh, they get a scratch now and then, but that's nothing. As I said before, they're the best sports in the world. Well, they ought to be. Women always have excelled in camp life. What did your Indian squaw say but, 'Get out of this tent and go and find some food; I'll take care of the fire and the camp.' And that's what my girls do to perfection—take care of everything except the actual securing of their food."

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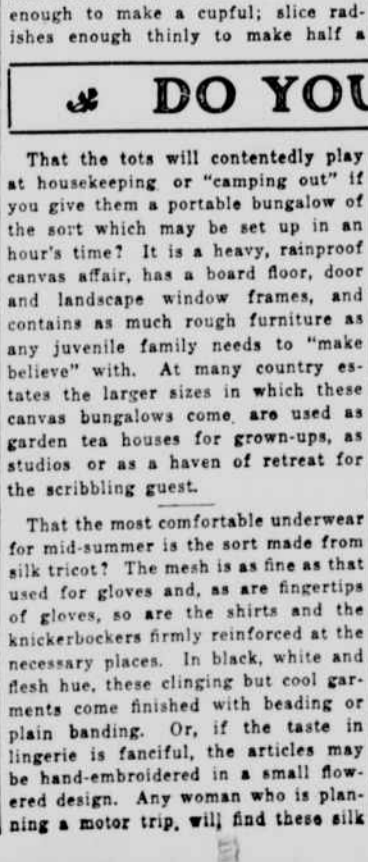
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Neglected, Four Little Mothers Plead for Share of Country Air

Mary, Julia, Lizzie and Emma Hope Kind Public Will Give Them Chances To Be Happy—Sisters Sadie, Sarah and Susie Never Saw Green Fields.

Here's a letter to somebody, perhaps you.

"Tribune Fresh Air Fund.
"We are five little girls and was never to a country & would like to go. The names of us are as follows. Sisters: Sadie & Sarah & Susie T. all live on Street. City. Beatrice. Janet. Street. City.
"Yours truly, Beatrice."
And here's another to somebody else:

"Fresh Air Fund Tribune.
"Dear Sir, We are four little mothers caring for neighbors babies since vacation could you find a place in your list for our names for a vacation in the country and we can be happy little mothers again. Hoping you do not turn are appeal down but try to give us a little fresh air. We remain Mary, Julia, Lizzie, Emma."
This is the sort of letter that comes day after day to the office of the Tribune Fresh Air Fund. No such letter is permitted to go unanswered. Usually the answer is in the form of a call from a visitor for the Fund. Possibly the letters given will have more point for those to whom they are addressed—the kind hearted public—if a sample of the reports made by the visitors after their calls is given.

Here is one:

"Mollie. . .
"No. . . Broome St.
"Second floor back. Family of five in three rooms.
"Two other children: Sarah, nine yrs., Isaac, eleven yrs.
"German.
"Father earns \$10 per week. Rent \$9 per month.
"Apparently a deserving family. Children need country.
"July 27, 1915."
And here another:

"Eva. . .
"No. . . Willett St.
"Second floor front. Family of eight in four rooms.
"Two younger children: Fannie, nine years; Louis, eight years.
"Mother a widow.

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"Mother a widow.

These are a few of the many letters that come day after day to the office of the Tribune Fresh Air Fund. No such letter is permitted to go unanswered. Usually the answer is in the form of a call from a visitor for the Fund. Possibly the letters given will have more point for those to whom they are addressed—the kind hearted public—if a sample of the reports made by the visitors after their calls is given.

Here is one:

"Mollie. . .
"No. . . Broome St.
"Second floor back. Family of five in three rooms.
"Two other children: Sarah, nine yrs., Isaac, eleven yrs.
"German.
"Father earns \$10 per week. Rent \$9 per month.
"Apparently a deserving family. Children need country.
"July 27, 1915."
And here another: